At the Fort Klamath Museum grounds at lunch time Verland Huff introduced Lynn Long. Lynn began by telling us, "My name is Lynn Long. I was born in Klamath Falls and several generations before me have lived here. I would like to tell you a little story about my grandfather who some of you may have known. He was A.A. Soule'. He was a medical doctor, Andrew Albert Soule'. And as we are trying to get a prospective on things I will go back a long ways to tell you about Andrew Soule'.

Back in 1620 when the Mayflower landed on the shores of North America there was a fellow on that ship by the name of George Soule'. George Soule' brought the library that was on the Mayflower and George signed the Compact which was a document where they declared that it was a part of England and they were doing so in the name of the King.

At any rate, eleven generations later, Andrew Albert Soule' was born down in Little Shasta Valley at the foot of Mount Shasta (12 Dec. 1882). His parents had come by wagon train in 1854 to California. Grandad grew up there. In the process he told me he had climbed Mount Shasta seventeen times and occasionally he and his brothers would go to the Ice Caves down near Mount Shasta where many Italians, who lived in the area kept "Dago Red" wine and they would help themselves to a little red wine.

There was a doctor in the area down there whose name was Doctor Dwinnell. He had a nice wagon and fancy horse and my grandfather was very impressed by Dr. Dwinnell and later on this childhood
memory of Dr. Dwinnell encouraged my grandfather to go to Medical School.

He started out at Cooper Medical College in San Francisco in 1905. But the earthquake of 1906 destroyed the school and he had to transfer to Willamette University in Salem which at that time had a Medical School and that's where Dr. Soule' earned his Medical Degree. Well, the history gets a little more interesting then. My grandfather's first job as a Doctor was at Prospect, Oregon working for the government and the government was building a road to Crater Lake. My grandfather was the doctor for that crew of workmen. It wasn't too long after that, that he moved over here to Fort Klamath because there was more going on here. In addition to helping the road crew, he got the job of being the doctor for the Indian Agency and continued to meet the Indians and doctor the Indians until 1954.

While my grandfather lived in Fort Klamath over here, he met a lady, Eva Elizabeth Melhase, and later married her. They were married in the Methodist Church down at the Williamson River where we just came from.

My grandmother's history is somewhat interesting. Her father, as a small child lived in Germany and her grandfather was a gardener for the Kaiser. The children played in the Kaiser's palace and roamed the gardens and yards there. But the family fled Germany because of forced Service in the Army. All the young men were required to be in the German Army and the Melhausen family didn't believe in that so they came to America and eventually settled here in the Fort Klamath area. But it was too hard for the people to say and spell Melhausen so they shortened it to Melhase. And in downtown Klamath Falls you'll see some old Melhase buildings that were built by the family later on.

One quick story I would tell you about my grandfather's medical career. There was an Indian who was suffering from hiccups and had been hiccups apparently for several weeks and nothing anybody could do would help this fellow get over the hiccups. So my grandfather went to see "hiccups Jim" to see if he could help him. The remedy that grandfather came up with, I don't know why or how come was a mixture of lard and turpentine and spread that on "hiccups Jim's" chest and the hiccups went away almost
immediately. The Indian people were quite impressed by this because their own medicine man, or in their words, the Shaman, had not been able to cure the hiccups but yet this white man did. In honor of this ability to cure hiccups they bestowed upon Andrew Soule' the title of "White Shaman" and he had a buckskin cloak and pants and a feather headdress and what not, which our family is going to donate to the County Museum and you will be able to see that there someday.

Finally and last of all I would tell you the fact that Dr. Soule' did lots of things in his life. Somebody asked how many babies he had helped deliver and he said, well he had quit counting at a thousand. So you know there is probably a thousand residents of Klamath County that he helped enter the world.

In that regard, as an old, dying man of age 93, I can remember my grandfather telling me, "It's hell to get in and it's hell to get out!"

On the bus again, Paul Fitzhugh reminded us, as we rounded the curve where the road divides to go either to Kimball Park or on into Fort Klamath, of where the Service Station and Gift Shop was owned by Lefty Wild Eagle for many years.

Passing the cemetery we were told that Nancy Boyer, daughter of John Loosley, had been buried there the longest of anybody. She died at age 18.

It was also mentioned that Wood River, directly ahead of us, flows into the Lake. At one time there were people trying to convince the voters that it was a navigable river.

When the buses arrived at Fort Klamath, Joyce Magnuson told us about her great, great grandparents, William and Elizabeth Parker Vaughn settling in the Wood River Valley. They were both born in the hills of Tennessee and were married in 1843. During the Civil War they decided to go west to get away from the war. They came by covered wagon first going north and then west. It took them about two years and one child was born on the way. Because of the danger from Indians, they only stopped over one day before traveling on.

They stayed one winter in Salt Lake. Before starting out again, William Valentine Ball, a "Yankee", joined their wagon train. The Vaughn's oldest daughter, Maarissa, who was fifteen at the time and
William Ball fell in love. Before the wagon train ever got to Oregon, Maressa and William Ball eloped. They went to Virginia City where they were married and proceeded to homestead a place near what is still called Ball Canyon. Her parents waited for about a week before giving up and traveling on into Oregon.

The Vaughns settled around Jacksonville and lived there for several years before coming to the Wood River Valley in 1887. Their homestead was north of Fort Klamath on the ranch now known as the Bill Brewer ranch. They had been there for several years before hearing from their daughter, Maressa Ball. Maressa and William's daughter was ill and they asked if their daughter, Elizabeth, could come and stay with them for awhile to recuperate. Her grandparents were glad to have her come and the fresh air and everything helped her to recover her health.

One summer during haying season some men came from the west side of the Lake, from the Brown's place at Crystal, for haying. One of these men was named Lou Copeland. Lou and Elizabeth got to know each other and when Lou came back the next summer for the haying, the two of them decided to get married. They were married at the old Military Fort that fall of 1885. These people were Joyce's grandparents. They homesteaded for many years north of the old Denton Swimming Hole, now known as the Crater Lake RV Park.

After being married for about 5 years, Lou Copeland got "gold fever" and went to Alaska for awhile, leaving Elizabeth to care for the three children alone. Being a very capable woman she managed to build an outhouse, a chicken house and build an upstairs to the house and also finish off the bedrooms while still taking care of the children. After Lou returned they had another baby, a son Alvin.

Alvin Copeland grew up around the Valley and met Myrtle Beymer in Klamath Falls. They were married in Ashland where Myrtle was attending school. Joyce Copeland Magnuson was born of this union. Alvin died at the age of 49 years. As Joyce says though, she and her family have been around the Wood River Valley a long time.

Janis Kafton then told us a little about the schools in that area. "Apparently way back about 1880 the first little school must have been on the Fort. Then in 1887 John Loosley and some others asked permission of the War Department to locate a school on a site
in this Military Reserve. Devere Helfrich believed that the Military Survey had been redone and that was one of the reasons they had to ask permission of the War Department. Two acres each were donated by Solon Shattuck and Dan Cronemiller to district #7 for school purposes and since then all Fort Klamath schools, except for subsidiary schools out in the Valley, have been located on these 4 acres.

The first school was a log school building. It was later replaced by a frame structure on the same site. Pictures of these and the other schools can be seen on pages 65 to 68 of the Fort Klamath issue of the Klamath Echoes #6.

"The highschool building was added in 1915. The Gym stood between the Highschool and the Grade school so they apparently both used it. Then about 1929 a nice brick building replaced the Grade School. About 1935 those in Highschool were bused to Chiloquin. By 1966 and '67 only the first, second and third grades were going to school here. The rest were being transported to Chiloquin.

There was a little Willow Brook school where Willeska Loosley taught there in 1915. It was a nice little school but it was only used about 5 years. Then there was the Melhase school out in the north/south lane on what later became Ira Orem land. It was a little log school in the beginning but a nice little building was built later. We also have pictures of those too."

Verland Huff then added that we would not be going past the Willow Brook school but it is easy to find by turning Left at the Hotel and driving past the brick school and on towards the Cross Roads. The school is on the Left hand side of the road at the Cross Road. We will pass the Melhase school site though and the artesian well will be pointed out by the guides on the buses.

Verland Huff gave us this information: "John Loosley was an Englishman and he came over from the Willamette Valley and got a job in the Grit Mill at the Agency for about a year. Then he homesteaded out here. I don't recall just what year that was but we will be passing in sight of it. It's about 2 miles south of here. He ran a Creamery and a Cheese Factory on the banks of the Wood River on his property. Now, there was a Creamery here at Fort Klamath about a block over from this parking area."
"Helen Helfrich tells me that the first town was down here by the Cheese Factory about 2½ miles down on the banks of the river and later on there was also a Hotel here before the town was platted in about 1900."

"Of course we have this little Church here and we don't have to look to see what kind of denomination it is. Janis Kafton tells me that there was a story about a low flying plane that knocked the weather vane off the Church here and Sen. Weed for whom Weed, CA. was named after he was a logger and a rancher up here, donated the bells for it about 1912."

"I have been asked if Willeska Loosley is here. Willeska Loosley is about 96 years old and is in a Nursing Home in Klamath Falls. She was born in Riverton, Oregon and came here to teach at the Willow Brook School which is straight West of us here, and she met Loosley and married him about 1916."

We boarded the buses again and drove past the Artesian Well and "Mares Egg Spring" and past Cherry Creek toward the Crystal area where Dan Brown told us about his family and the area.

"About 98 years ago my grandfather came to this spot looking for a place to settle in Oregon. He came from the Vacaville area or Brown's Valley area, 5 or 6 miles north of Vacaville, CA. Previous to the Gold Rush days, the family came from Massachusetts, but he arrived here in about 1891 looking for a place to raise cattle and to be involved in the lumbering and cattle opportunities that were here at the time. He thought there was going to be a railroad go through on the West side of the Lake because the Harriman family had bought a piece of ground a few miles South of here that is still known as Harriman Lodge. The opportunity in those days was to get on a railroad because horseback and canoeing was kind of slow. If you could get where there was a railroad that was the place to be. Well, there was some kind of a cardinal error made because 75 years later there still wasn't a railroad here. It went on the other side of the Lake and this area was the last part of Klamath County to develop at all. We didn't even have a paved road out here until 15 or 18 years ago. And electricity came in this particular location only about 12 years ago. So it turned out to be rather the backwoods of the County instead of a fast developing area."
Grandfather built this house and moved his family here in 1892 and if my calculations are right that's about 97 years ago. I think that the shiplap, that doesn't show now, was hauled in here by horse and wagon from Jacksonville because Linkville at the time was a very small community and Jacksonville was the trading hub of Southern Oregon at the time. If you wanted to do anything you went across the mountains through the Dead Indian to the Rogue River Valley for supplies. So this particular location was quite a stop-over place for people coming from the Northeast, from Fort Klamath or the upper Klamath Marsh and those areas who were going through to Jacksonville. They quite often stopped here because in the horse and buggy days it was a long days ride to get here even from Fort Klamath or the Chiloquin area. So this old place became quite a place for stop-overs for travellers, to the point that when my grandfather and grandmother were quite old they homesteaded an additional piece of property a couple of miles from here to get away from having to be hospitable to everyone who went through. Needless to say, in those days the first thing you asked anybody was "When did you eat last?" and your home was open to them for both food and shelter and everybody was welcome.

The head of Crystal Creek is right down here 400 yards and winds down through the swamp for about 9 miles and comes out just below Rocky Point and Pelican Bay area. That was the primary source of transportation here. You could go to Klamath Falls from right down here where you can see the boat and you still can. So to get to Klamath Falls from here by horseback was about from 4 oclock in the morning to 9 or 10 at night. You didn't go the present route over Doak Mountain. You had to go down through Round Lake and around and across and come out on Riverside about where the radio station is up on the hill above Riverside was where the old wagon road crossed there. So this was quite an isolated area up here.

I'm third generation. I have the same name as my grandfather. I am Daniel Gilbert Brown. I went to school down here when I was in the 6th grade in the school he built in 1893 and donated to the County to help educate the children in the community. There is a little stump and a pump that we kids pumped 55 years ago when I was going there. It's still there and the last time I tried it--it was still operational, a great big old hand pump, a deep well pump".
"So a lot of history started up in this country. The logging was of course very active in those days. Pelican Bay had big camps just below here. There was a lot of logs taken right off this mountain just below here and towed over and put in the head of Crystal Creek and rafted to Klamath Falls. Believe it or not, part of the family took log rafts down the Lake. There was no power so they did it by sail. They'd catch the prevailing winds from the Northwest and they would actually sail log rafts from Pelican Bay to Shippington where they sold the logs. There was also big barges built. In those days the only way they had to build them was with a "pit saw". They cut the gunnels out of a large log. One guy would get down in the hole and the other guy up above. They'd saw 6 inch planks by probably 48 inches or more the other way and maybe 60 feet long to make the gunnels for a barge. When I was a kid there was still a couple of those hanging around here but I don't suppose there's anything left of them anymore. But they used to cut cord wood here and various other things in those days and haul them to Linkville just to pick up a few dollars from whatever they could because like I said, the development of this part of the country was very slow and people existed from a garden and a good shooting rifle and lots of old does and had lots of kids. They didn't have any money. But I think a few of the other things that were part of the development of this place was why grandfather bought land in the early days before he came up here. He also had two homesteads, this building being one of his homestead cabins and later on he homesteaded another place. You could get two homesteads in those days so he had another piece adjoining up here where my mother lived. My father was the only one born in this house (in 1895) as far as I know, at least the only one in my family.

I think it is noteworthy that this marsh out here wasn't always a marsh. It was much higher, about 36 inches higher and two times during the family's history here it caught fire and burned the peat down to the water line. Then the Pacific Power--Copco in those days dammed up the Lake and the cattle lands my grandfather used to run out here quite a distance. They became flooded and with other
disasters like Amtrak's battle in 1903, it was quite a struggle to make an existence up here but now it has become pretty hardy. Several out of 6 kids -- at least 3 or 4 of them made it through Oregon State College with a BS degree in either engineering or in chemistry and they walked right over those Cascade Mountains to get to school. They didn't have any way to catch a train out of here so to get to the railroad they took off across the Mountains to Butte Falls to catch the MedCo logging train to Medford. Caught a train there and traveled to Corvallis."

Dan Brown then introduced his sister, Gail Danforth, who added a few side lights. "Dan did talk about the school for this place. My grandfather donated the land and the spot for it is right down here as you turned into this property. It is a Rest Stop and the pump that was the school house pump is still there and there is a plaque that tells about my grandfather having the school house there. Then my grandmother started the first post office here and she named the place Crystal so that is how the place got it's name.

The stream you see down here where the boats are wasn't here. That was the family garden down there and the head of Crystal Creek. It has been dredged for this boat dock just recently.

The last one of the family to actually live in this house here was Carlton's family. He died about 40 years ago or more but his wife, Aunt Alice, lived on here alone for about 30 years before she became ill and sold the property to some people named Driscoll. Then the Driscolls sold to Walter and Dianne Patton who are the present owners and managers of the restaurant.

I think my grandfather's descendents number over 100 now and this is the Home Place."

Dan Brown then tells us: "One of the things that is kind of nostalgic about the area here is that in the early days when Avril Harriman's father--the old railroad Harriman--bought the property down here at Harriman Lodge, the story goes that the best grade or the best location for a railroad from northern California to points north was up through Spencer Creek and Aspen Lake. You'd come up from Doris, up through that gentle grade, come up the west side of the Lake here and out through Sun Mountain Pass. The story goes that he wanted so much for the right of way that the Union Pacific decided to go through the cliffs on the east side of the Lake"
rather than pay the tab. Well, he had a lot of notable visitors at his Harriman Lodge and one story Dad used to tell was that J. Pierpont Morgan, from a very wealthy family of bankers, got stuck right out here with an early day automobile. My father was a young kid at the time and he took a team of horses down there and pulled him out of the mud hole and Mr. Morgan gave my dad a $5 gold piece. That was more than he had ever seen before or ever expected to see in his lifetime and just for pulling him out of the mud.

One other thing, the old Winema steam boat used to come right up here and turn around. One of the trips going to town my Uncle was aboard when it got cross ways of the wind and rolled over on its side. I don't know whether it sunk or just laid in the mud but it rolled over on it's side. So there's a lot of things that have happened here. It's a great country and we have really appreciated the scenic value and of course the Sky Lakes are only 6 miles from here by the way the crow flys, right up there in the mountains".

Grant Brown, son of Fred and Cecil Brown, and his son Brian arrived then. Grant gave us the following information: "This little building down here was the homestead cabin of Carlton Brown. He homesteaded 15 acres between my grandfather's old place and the head of the creek bed here. That was the original cabin that he proved up the homestead with. This house was the original home built here. It used to have big porches all the way around but it was modified about 3 years ago. They closed in the porches and made a bigger lodge out of it with 5 or 6 beams".

Gail Danforth added this: "The bedrooms upstairs are the same except they are bigger now and with bathrooms which of course they never had in those days".

Grant continued: "I ran a trap line down Trip Creek, we called it. When I got here I'd usually change my clothes because I'd be soaking wet, then I'd go over to school. Sometimes we had a horse to ride back but sometimes if I was running trap line I didn't have one. I can remember when Mary Jane (Gail) and I went to school many times on a sleigh with a single horse. We didn't go to school very long because after we got high school age we had to move to Klamath Falls. But we did go to school here by horseback and sleigh and if the snow got too deep we skied over the top of it".
"I have in my hands here a pair of ice tongs that grandfather Brown forged out of buggy brake levers. I guess the old ice house is gone now but right down here at the foot of the hill east of the house they had an ice house with sawdust insulation about 2 feet thick. They'd go out on the swamps and cut ice with saws into blocks and skid the blocks across the ice and this pair of tongs was used for handling. The tongs are just as grandfather made them except that this used to have a wooden handle that eventually broke off and I welded a "D" ring on it when I was about highschool age".

We left Chrystal Creek Lodge about 2:45 and the busses arrived back at the Museum after a lovely day of touring the east side of the Lake.

transcribed from tape recording by Mae L. Smith.
MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

I recently asked my parents (Orval & Bee Vincent DeVaul) what Christmas was like when they were little. Mom lived in New Mexico, in the caprock area of Lea County on the Texas border, and up in the White Mountains. Daddy lived here in the Langell Valley area, on Goodlow Mountain. Here are some of their remembrances.

Mom: "The Christmas tree that my mother always said was one of the prettiest ones was on the homestead (on the caprocks), made with mesquite roots and branches and they covered them with crepe paper and decorated them. It must have been a community affair. It wasn't too big, but she still thought it was pretty. In the mountains Daddy always got the community tree and he made one that had a brace thing at the top and a pin at the bottom so they could turn the tree around. That tree must have been twelve feet tall, that was a tall ceiling (the schoolhouse). Grandpa sent us a crate of oranges from Florida and the mailman brought them 9 miles over the hill horseback and then told Dad he ate two. Dad told him he'd a ate more, then we took the oranges to school so there was enough to go around for everybody. One year (about 1915), I was maybe about 4 years old, somebody come up there and brought toys for everybody and I got a doll with a china head and Bud (brother) sat down on it and broke its head. We all had Christmas together at the schoolhouse, with the tree and got oranges and popcorn balls and Long Tom chewing gum and we all ate Christmas dinner together".

Daddy: "We had a Christmas there at the homestead, I must have been pretty small (1909?), and Grandad DeVaul sent some toys up for Christmas. And he sent some dolls, some for Edna and some for me, he thought I was a girl too, I guess. I got me a doll with a bisque head. Oh, I thought it was a nice doll, I was carrying it around and I stubbed my toe, fell down and broke the doll's head. I thought that was awful. The community Christmas trees were at the old (Lorella) school, an old barn-shaped white school with high ceilings. We had a tree with a hole in the ceiling and a pin at the bottom, (so it turned) big, big tree, and I guess there must
have been 40 or 50 people there and 25 or 30 kids or more. They took all the toys down there, and they all got 'em off that tree, and they had a Santy Claus and an orange and an apple and popcorn balls for everybody. I got a pocket knife and a watch, a Ingersoll watch. It was a good watch, cost a dollar, they run a year, just keep good time, and then they were done. We had Christmas all together, then they cleared that out and moved the seats back and had a dance in there. The old folks had a dance for a while, till all the kids got sleepy and then they went home, probably about midnight".

Billie DeVaul Fitzhugh...1990.